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BLOCH HALL

Technala

(Prize Story in the Short-Story Contest. This is the first of a series of contests.)

Victory

IT WAS a dreary, melancholy November day and the spirits of Horace Vann equally matched the weather. Making a short cut across the campus from the Lanier bungalow, he trudged along still brooding with shame and anger over the scene that had sorely shaken his hopes. The agent of this shaking process at this very moment might be found buried among the college pillows on the great davenport that held dominion in the spacious Lanier living room. Only a pair of tiny patent pumps, upward from which one glimpsed two shimmering silk ankles, and a few prostrate curls, flung carelessly over the lounge arm, told the story of a fierce battle waged between pride and self contempt in the breast of their little mistress.

Jane Lanier was spoiled—the only child of an adoring mother and a sport-loving father, her every whim had been gratified. The old Lanier blood rang true tho, as it had for generations, and in spite of her queenly reign over the home and hearts of her parents, not a more generous or move lovable young miss of eighteen could be found in Virginia—so she was in my opinion and in that of Horace Vann.

Conquering the hearts of all the Westmore boys with her roguish ways and dainty manner as well as by her fair and square way of dealing—at last she had met Horace Vann. "He's our white hope, Jane," Thad Carters had said in introducing the great brown-eyed football hero whose chief aim seemed to lie in bringing in laurels for his home team. This triumphant entry into Westmore College life had continued during his first few years, and "Horry" Vann's praises and name were sung both in the faculty and student circles. Needless to say, the straightforward, boyish manner and the adoration which he displayed for the scion of the Lanier household soon proclaimed him ruler of her affections.

It was to be next Spring. Everything had been planned last summer as they sat in the hindmost seat of a great Washington sight-seeing car that rumbled monotonously from Capitol to Library, Navy Building to White House, totally unconscious of the great bundle of hopes and plans tightly wrapped in happiness that was aboard. Sight-seeing tours were Daddy Lanier's specialty and Horace had been a willing guest upon this one.

Today, however, things had taken a decidedly different turn—accounting for our hero's state of mind. How well he remembered the scene. "Why can't you go, Jane?"

"Oh, just because, Harry," she had answered in a halfhearted way.

"Surely there's some reason; I've never seen you turn down a Westmore-Preston game before; it's the last of the season and of course we'll win!"

"That's just it, Horace Vann, we're not going to win. Oh, I suppose I'd as well tell you now as later. It's simply this: I've always been so proud of you, Harry, so proud of your work and your preference for me. It seemed so wonderful that such a great serious sort of a man could really want only a little college butterfly, as I've always been."

"I talked to Mama about it last summer and she agreed that I must make myself just as worthy as possible of your love. 'A good, clean boy,' Mama said—and somehow 'way down deep, I felt a tiny bit as if I had helped you to be that boy. But now, Harry, everything seems different. Oh, I know you're a Senior and want to have a last chance at a big time! I've remembered that every time the things folks are saying reach me. But, Harry, I can't bear it! Daddy says a girl who can't prevent a fellow's going down hill, shouldn't be allowed to share his life. It hurts, Harry, but I guess it's so—and, too, I guess I'm just not strong enough to stand up against all the ridicule you'll get at the game."

"But Jane!"

"Wait Harry, I must finish now; until this fall it's been you alone who brought us the championship, and I used to go just to see you play. So now I can't go to Westmore-Preston and hear the fellows say, 'Oh, Vann? Well, he's not the man he used to be—been going at a pretty fast gait all winter—flunking out now in both books and ball.' Harry Vann, have you ever stopped to realize that you're only a substitute?"

"But Jane, a fellow forgets himself sometimes! You've brought me to my senses now all right. I'm not making any midnight resolutions, or denying any of the yellow journalism that these fellows peddle—but just you come to that one game and you keep your eyes open! If I make you ashamed of me and of the ring you're wearing Friday, you won't have to offer it to me. Never thought I'd feel like such a cur, but I'll make it up, little girl, or allow you to break it all off after Friday," and then he had started for the dormitory.

"Only a substitute!" How the words rank'ed and yet they were true. From good to bad, from bad to worse he had slipped this last season leading a dissipated life, always urged on to be a "good fellow" by the boys with whom he ran. Now had come the turning point. Could one be a good fellow in two senses of the word? Or must he give up ability and respect for popularity among a rather noisy set of college fellows? Well, one could try and here was one who was game!

"Ashamed of me! Oh, I'm a sad sort of a chap to have had the chance good luck has given me—I can make it up to her, and I will!"

II

A typical and perfect November day! Jupiter must have known what was at stake on the great Westmore ball field for the setting was ideal. Westmore was there to a man, expectant, enthusiastic, yet doubtful. This had been an uncertain season. Big, storming Vann after repeated bungles had been replaced for today's game by Standish, a smaller and less cunning man—but one now in better training. Heated discussions pro and con were being waged between Westmore enthusiasts.

"Perry might have given him another chance!" quoth the faithful Thad Carters, who gaily yet aggrievedly sported a Westmore jersey, topped by an orange and black cap.

"Nonsense!" growled a second boy, "he was the laughing stock of the Westmore, Hagler Whitewash. He deserves to be a sub and it'll be a fatal day for Westmore if he's called out for play."

Four o'clock and the game was at the crisis! Perry, the husky coach, was outwardly cool and calm in that manner which implies fires to the breaking point within. Over the groups of boys around their cheer leaders swept a feeling of sick fear. Could they pull thru in spite of three good men out and a tie score? These Prestonites were great brawny athletes who had bruised our team cruelly and who seemed bent on crippling our stars. Standing on the seat of a small orange and black bedecked roadster that held a crowd of very excited girls, Jane Lanier wondered and hoped. Clinging snugly to her third finger, a little diamond glistened and feared. Much was at stake!

Standish out—and the score 13-13! "Hopeless," sighed the many as they began to gather up wraps and pennants for the homeward journey. "Rotten," growled the bunch.

"Still hope," breathed Jane with her blue eyes glued to the bench where sat the Westmore trusties.

"Still hope," echoed the little diamond on the third finger.

"My chance," breathed Vann. "Oh God, am I worth it!"

"Out Vann, and, man, give all that's in you!" 'Twas the tense voice of Coach Perry.

Quickly the ex-hero took his old stand. Was it an illusion that the crowd seemed to grow more tense, more interested as he stepped out on the field? Could they forget the last few months?

His head was awhirl as he crouched for the tackle and every one except Horace Vann knew, five minutes later, that the game had been saved—saved for Westmore! by a strong attack, cunning side trick and daring touchdown of the old hero.

School chums threw up their caps, shook hands, yelled till they were hoarse in pure joy and hilarity—while others hurried to offer aid to the now unconscious star. The grandstand was on its feet—every person, young and old, proving his loyalty and happiness over the hazardous victory! Daddy Lanier was a boy of eighteen again, living over his first touchdown in the good old Harvard days—and even Mrs. Lanier's eyes glowed with pride at the courage and cunning of this big boy whom she, too, had grown to love; but in her mother-heart was also anxiety for the prostrate form that lay at the far end of the field.

"Saved!" yelled the crowd.

"Saved!" breathed Jane, and "Saved," echoed the little diamond that sparkled and smiled.

"Why, Jane, you silly!" exclaimed Ella Page, after a profuse list of "Wonderful's" and "Grand's" and other adjectives so essential to the high school maiden's vocabulary, "Don't stand there and cry when you should be yelling for joy! I'm thrilled to death and, believe me, I'm going to ship Harry Vann a car load of flowers tonight for his sick room! Guess he'll be laid up for a month with that sprained back, and he deserves every carnation in town!"

"Me, too!" chimed Betty Crews. But ere this Jane had slipped away to take her rightful place in the ambulance that bore Horace to the College Infirmary.

"Jane?" he emerged from unconsciousness and moved restlessly.

"Yes, dear?" answered a very sorry and very soft little voice.

"Are you here?"

"Yes, dear," the soft little voice repeated.

"Did they win?"

"You did—and, oh, Harry, I was proud of you!"

"Stop, Jane—don't be proud of me—'twas my duty to the team after all those humiliations I've caused them. I'm glad I could make up.

"And, Jane?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Could you promise in advance to forgive me when I make up the greater debt that I owe you—that of being the good clean man you've believed me?"

"Oh, Harry, yes! and I'm happy, happy, happy!"

"Saved!" repeated the little diamond that glistened and smiled on the third finger.

RUTH ABERCROMBIE, '18.

A Lucky Mistake

(Second Prize Story.)

TO HAVE a bashful lover tell you you are beautiful and in the same breath deny it is exasperating, and so Mary found it. Why in the world didn't John get over that awful timidity anyhow? It made her tired, utterly *sick*—and yet—somehow—well, perhaps that was one reason why she loved him!

She had thought of every means to get him to propose! Should she make him very, very jealous by dancing with Fred at the next dance? Should she have Annie the maid to say "not at home" for the next two or three times he called? No, nothing seemed to do, and she sank down on the sofa in a most forlorn little heap.

And then—she hit upon a plan! Why hadn't she thought of it before? If John couldn't *tell* her he loved her, he surely could *write* her about it, and that would do just as well! No doubt the poor fellow had not once thought of that. He was such a clumsy, awkward boy! But whom should she get to throw the hint out to John? Oh her father, of course. He and John were the greatest of friends, and partners in the firm. Yes, she would tell her father to throw the hint out to John some evening when they were together in the office. The more Mary thought of her plan the more glorious it became. However, there was one drawback. Her father was so very absent-minded. She was sure he'd never think to tell John, and if he did, he was very likely to write the proposal himself and have John sign his name to it, as he was accustomed to do in the case of contracts, etc. What was a girl to do, anyhow, who had a bashful lover and an absent-minded father? Mary was sure she didn't know.

Then she sat down and worked out her plan more fully. She would not wait till her father came home to tell him. No, she could not wait that long—and besides, perhaps a letter explaining matters would be more impressive on her father's mind. And, yes—she would write a second letter, too. What bright ideas she was having this afternoon! She would play a joke on John.

She would write a fictitious letter supposedly to Fred, which she would send *on purpose* to John. In this letter she would say enough to make John very jealous; for, of course, he would think she had made a mistake and sent him a letter she had intended for Fred. Her letter would put him on his mettle, and make him appreciate all the more the idea her father would fling at him. Besides, it would make him be in a hurry to settle matters. And besides, oh, the fun that she would have and how she would laugh at John—as she rested her head on his shoulder!

Thus it happened that a half hour later in a downtown office two men received a letter each. The first, an old man, read his, then gasped for breath, and said, "And so she's in love with that Fred Duran, is she? I must attend to this." He reached for the telephone. "Hello! that you Mary? I'm surprised at your letter. I must have a private talk with you tonight." And he hung up the receiver too much beside himself to hear her reply. The other man, a young and handsome one, read his, looked blank a moment, and then laying all books aside, began to write a very long and tedious letter—if the perspiration on his brow was any evidence of its tediousness.

Several times during the afternoon, in fact *every* time the old gentleman would look at John, he would say in a half-pitying, half-absent-minded way, "I say, John, boy, have you finished all that copying?" And John would blush each time and say, "In a moment, sir."

Mary was all in a flurry. Two more hours before her father would come home. She wondered if he would get the chance to tell John this very afternoon. Surely he would. Perhaps he might even bring home with him John's letter, or perhaps John himself. At that, she jumped up and ran to the mirror to arrange her hair. The telephone rang. "Hello! that you Mary? I'm surprised at your letter. I must have a private talk with you tonight." She tried frantically to frame a reply before her father rang off, but there was no use. Then she attempted to call him again, but to no avail. What could her father mean? She had always thought he liked John and wanted her to marry him. Now he seemed utterly bewildered to know that she loved John—and not only that, but he seemed positively angry. Well, she could be angry, too. She didn't intend to say a word to her father at supper tonight unless she was forced to. Five o'clock came, the hour for her father to come, but no father. Ten minutes after five—fifteen minutes after five—thirty minutes after five, still no father. Could he and John be having any quarrel concerning her? Supposing her father should—she head a step on the walk; but instead of the door-knob's being turned with a quick, commanding turn, such as her father gave, the door-bell rang.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At the office the two men worked diligently. The older man worked with a frown on his face; the young man worked with a smile on his. The older man often paused in his work to mumble words which nobody understood. The young man often paused in his work to look long and lovingly at a letter just written.

The big clock pointed to five. The older man arose, took his hat and his coat, and with a nod of farewell to John, walked out. He walked on towards home, thinking as he went. And so Mary after all didn't love John as he had hoped and half-way believed. Oh well, what foolish delusions old people live under sometimes. He had so wished that she might marry John so that the two families, Harrison and Greig, might be reunited again, and the firm might go on forever. Alex, John's father, had expressed the wish, as he lay dying, that some day John and Mary might reunite the houses of Harrison and Greig. But it was no use. When Mary set her head, there was no use trying to change it; and it certainly was set, if the letter she had sent by mistake to him were any proof. He believed it was a proof, too, for he knew his Mary was no flirt. Why, *where in the world was he?* Nothing looked familiar. Why he had walked fifteen or twenty blocks out of his way. He looked at his watch. It was now seven o'clock. He must hurry home, Mary would be uneasy about him.

When the Absent-Minded walked into his home, all was still. Mary did not come to meet him as she usually did. He peeped into the parlor. There sat the Bashful One and his daughter hand in hand. The Bashful One had suddenly found his tongue.

VIVIAN MONK, '16.

All is Well That Ends Well

(Third Prize Story.)

"MR. ROSS, may I see you a moment, please?" At these words from the college president, a tall, rather good looking young man turned away from a group of companions who were gaily discussing a coming ball game.

"Certainly, Dr. Howard," and he followed that worthy gentleman into his private office.

"Whew-ee, but it is cold!" he added, as he carefully closed the door.

"Yes," assented Dr. Howard, "a most disagreeable morning, and by the looks of the weather now, I think it will be raining by noon—a dreary St. Valentine's Day, indeed."

"By Jove," exclaimed the young man, "I had forgotten, we'll have to celebrate."

"I think I have a celebration in store for you now; that is, if you wish to go. Mr. Jameson, the principal of the Hillsdale High School, has just telephoned me, asking if one of the Seniors would care to come over there tonight and help judge a debate. Would you like to go?"

"Would like nothing better," answered Ross.

"All right there," said Dr. Howard, "I'll let him know immediately that you are coming. You will go on the 5:30 car, and return by midnight. Arrangements suit you?"

"Why certainly, sir," was the murmuring reply, for at that minute Ross' thoughts had wandered to the cheerful parlor of a certain sorority house, where he was due that evening.

With this in mind, he walked slowly to his room, where he found his chum, Horace Keith, a Sophomore.

"What's up, old fellow?" were Keith's first words.

"Why, nothing 'specially," Ross answered; "was just wondering——" and then he told his chum about Mr. Jameson's invitation.

Keith thought a minute, then he said, "Oh, I know, you were wondering how it could be arranged so that Helen and Louise and I might go. Were you not?"

"You are quite a mind reader, Keith," said Ross, looking at his chum admiringly, "but how could we arrange it without being found out? You know that Miss Adams would not allow the girls to go even down town on a day like this, much less riding."

Keith was thinking quickly.

"Miss Adams is gone, and the girls can get around Miss Baker, for they have done it before. We will hire a carriage and horses and make a regular evening of it."

"What will old Prexy do when he finds out?" asked the more thoughtful Ross.

"Why, he need never find out. You know he never gives any attention to the carrying out of his orders. Most likely, he has forgotten about it already."

"It's a go," finally said Ross. "You order the carriage and horses for four o'clock and I'll tell the girls. I hope it will not be raining then, but in a closed carriage it won't make much difference."

So it was under these circumstances that four University young people planned to make the sixteen mile trip to Hillsdale, attend the debate, and return without anyone's being the wiser.

The rain was pouring in torrents when, at three o'clock, Louise and Helen Moore oozed enough courage to ask Miss Baker for the leave of absence.

"Why, yes," answered that indulgent lady, thinking they wished merely to go out for a little exercise after being in all day. "If you wrap up well, I see no reason why a little rain should harm you."

With a suppressed giggle the girls flew from the room, and promptly at four o'clock two blocks away, they met and were assisted into the tightly closed carriage by two excited young men.

A few minutes later they rolled out on the deserted water drenched country road. All breathed a sigh of relief, for now there was no immediate danger of being caught. For an hour and a half they rode leisurely along. It had stopped raining, but was rapidly growing colder. The water on the branches of the trees was freezing, for the twigs were beginning to snap and crackle as the wind blew them back and forth. Also the little puddles of water in the road were getting a thin coating of ice over them. The short winter day was drawing to a close, and the red sun appeared for an instant just as it dropped from sight behind the hills. A white mile-post at the side of the road stated that it was still four miles to Hillsdale.

Can't you make those horses go a little faster, Keith?" Ross asked as they slowed into a walk.

"Don't see how I can, for this road is uncommonly slippery," answered Keith, who was driving. "Why," he added, "are you afraid you don't know the way?" Keith knew that he himself didn't and he had depended on Ross for directions.

"O, suppose I know the way well enough, but one never likes to travel a strange road for the first time after dark." Ross did not like to acknowledge even to himself that it would be possible to lose the way. He could not help feeling a little anxious, however, for it would be pitch dark in another fifteen minutes and there was no moon. He began to be keenly regretful for the way in which he had allowed Keith to overrule his better judgment, which told him from the first that the plan was a foolish one. Suppose they did get lost? Of course no real harm could come to them, but it might mean expulsion, or, what was almost as bad in his eyes, the everlasting teasing of their classmates.

These thoughts were interrupted by an exclamation from Keith, and the jerk of the carriage as it suddenly pitched forward.

The next few minutes were ones never likely to be forgotten.

They had driven into a very harmless looking stream, which though rather wide, did not, in the dusk, appear even swift. Suddenly the horses had dropped out of sight, giving the carriage the jerk which had so interrupted Ross' thought.

The next instant the four occupants of the carriage found themselves almost submerged in the icy water. The horses began swimming valiantly, but unable to withstand the strong current, were soon headed down stream, the carriage floating after.

For a second nothing was said, all being rather stunned at the suddenness of the plunge. Keith was the first to regain action, if not words. He began pulling the horses toward the shore, but the current was much too strong, and they made almost no headway. He cast a despairing look over his shoulder at Ross, who was doing his best to unfasten the side curtains. This was barely done when suddenly the horses stopped, seemingly having gained a foothold somewhere. Keith quickly turned their heads toward the current and pulled with all the strength there was in him, for the horses simply must not move from that place. He had perceived now that the only way to get to shore was to leave the carriage, and this could not possibly be done while it was rushing along so swiftly. The carriage, which when the horses stopped, had swung around so that the current was beating against the side began to show signs of going to pieces. All saw that it was absolutely necessary to leave it immediately.

Ross, thinking they must be resting on the bottom, stepped out, only to go down far over his head. He came up gasping, but still clutching to the edge of the seat. Here was a serious situation after all. Ross realized that it depended upon him to help Helen and Louise to shore, and he could not swim a stroke. He now began to swing himself toward the horses' heads, first holding to the carriage and then to the harness. Upon reaching them, he discovered that he, and also the horses, were standing on what seemed to be an old stone fence. Hope sprang up within him, to be quenched an instant later on finding that the fence extended only a foot or two beyond his present position. Looking anxiously about him he saw, about eight or ten feet farther down stream, an old post or tree trunk extending perhaps a foot out of the water. Taking the hitching straps from the now quiet horses, he tied them together, leaving one end fastened to the nearest horse. Then with the other end in his hand he let go. A second later, he was clinging to the post, for such it proved to be.

What was his great joy now to discover that he was standing on solid ground. A few steps more, and he was in comparatively shallow water. With a shout of

joy, if indeed the sound coming from his benumbed lips could be called a shout, he turned again toward the carriage. Pulling himself from the post back again against the current was no easy job, and it required a precious minute in which to do it. Upon reaching it, he caught Helen, who was in the back, swung again into the icy water, and in an exceedingly short time landed her on shore. A few minutes more and Louise also was safe.

His passengers ashore, Keith could now think of himself and the horses. By leaning over into the water he could reach the tugs, which he skillfully cut with his knife. Then springing to the back of the nearest horse he cut the rest of the harness which held them to the carriage. On finding themselves free, both horses began swimming down stream, but being released from the carriage they soon turned toward the shore, which they reached some three or four rods below the spot on which the others had landed.

The carriage which had been caught up by the current as though it were a feather, was now lying a total wreck on the bank some distance farther down.

Keith had by now tied the horses and rejoined the others.

"Heavens," he cried thru his chattering teeth; "if this isn't some St. Valentine celebration! Where shall we go? Do you suppose there is a house within a mile?"

"I don't know," answered Ross, "but there simply has to be."

Louise and Helen were wrapped in the carriage robes, which Louise had rescued as they floated past, so they were not quite so badly off, for these kept the wind off at least.

Since no one knew where to go, there was nothing to do but hunt a place. They followed the road, walking briskly to get their blood to circulating again. Their delight and satisfaction may be imagined when, at the end of five minutes, a large, brightly lighted farm-house came into view. In less time than it takes to tell it, they were seated before a roaring fire, and were beginning to feel warm again. What a fuss the farmer and his wife did make over them! They were in dry clothes, and each had swallowed a great cup of something hot and sweet, almost before they knew it.

Then came their story. When it was finished the farmer exclaimed, "Why how in the world did you get on the old road? The new one has been used ever since the old bridge washed out. You have certainly had a narrow escape. Your thoughts must have been far from your driving when you passed that road and failed to see it."

"I suppose they were," Keith replied, glancing at Louise, who promptly turned her back to him.

The next thing to consider was how to get back to the University; for of course they could not now go on to Hillsdale. Although they were asked to spend the night, all four felt the importance of being in their rooms by midnight. At last the farmer saw that they were determined to go if they walked, and so gladly offered his carriage and horses. He also promised to bring the hired horses to town the next day.

It was now nearly nine o'clock and high time to start. With many thanks to the kind farmer and his wife, they were soon on the road. The traveling was easy now, for the ground was frozen, and the horses were fresh.

Louise and Keith, who were sitting on front, talked and laughed gaily all the way to town, but Helen and Ross were strangely silent. They were almost in town when at last Ross turned to her.

"Helen," she started a little at the tone of his voice.

"Yes, Walter," she answered. His heart bounded. How seldom she called him by his first name.

"Do you think you can ever forgive me for leading you into such great danger? What a terrible thought to think what might have happened; do you, dear?"

He had possession of her hands now.

"Why, Walter, it wasn't anything so very dangerous; anyway, I didn't mind it, because—because——" she stopped, and began struggling faintly to release her hands.

"Because why, dearest? Won't you tell me?" His heart was beating wildly now, she seemed so precious and beautiful.

"I guess it was because—" she hesitated, "you were there with me," and she lifted her eyes which were shining like stars to his.

It is easy to guess what happened next. At last he whispered, "My Valentine, the loveliest one I ever had."

MARIE BROCK, '16.

Male Quartet

First Voice

Some folks say dat a girl's at her best
'Way down yonder in de Math. room;
But I found two who flunked the best test,
'Way down, 'way down,
'Way down yonder in the Math. room.

Second Voice

Some folks say dey can't get no spare time,
'Way down yonder in de History room;
But I found how to do it simply fine
'Way down, 'way down,
'Way down yonder in de History room.

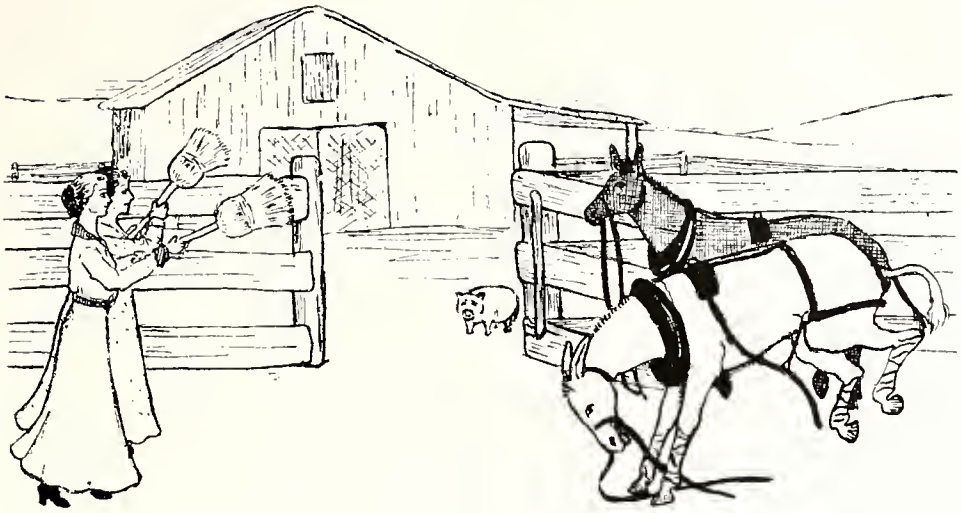
Third Voice

Some folks say dey can't translate,
'Way down yonder in the Latin room;
But I convince 'em Latin is their fate,
'Way down, 'way down,
'Way down yonder in de Latin room.

Fourth Voice

Some folks say dat dey don't know
'Way down yonder in a Chemistry room;
But I can boost 'em so it doesn't show,
'Way down, 'way down,
'Way down yonder in the Chemistry room.

RUTH DUNCAN, '18.



Travels With Two Donkeys

IT WAS four in the morning. We had had our breakfast and amid much hurry and excitement got our luggage, including my Caesar, which I have tussled with unsuccessfully for three years, and we were safely landed in the trap. We were on our way to Florida, after so long a time of deciding who should go and when. The neighbors had tried to discourage us because there were just my mother, Willie Belle (my cousin), my little brother and I to take this eighty-five mile trip. We were determined, however, and so it happened that at five o'clock that morning we left amid shouts of good wishes. Our carriage was a two-seated vehicle in which we had to sit perfectly straight all the time, else our neighbor was crowded completely out. To draw our rig we had two beautiful mules, if such simple looking creatures may be called beautiful. One, Minnie, was black; the other, Dora, was cream with black stripes on her legs, a mustang mule. Now few people can appreciate all that the word *mustang* means in speaking of a mule. I'll tell you and it may serve you well to remember that a mustang mule is the slyest and meanest animal ever created, even a fox stands no show by the side of one. You see, then, that we felt called upon to give very close attention to Dora; and, indeed, before the trip was over we were sincerely regretting the fact that we had not given even closer attention to her.

That first day of the journey was very impressive, perhaps because it was our first such trip. For eight miles the mules trotted briskly along the good roads of Pike, then we struck the sand beds for which Coffee County is famous. After creeping for about three miles, we encountered the steepest clay hill I have ever seen. We all got out and trudged up to lighten the load. When we reached the top we found a little village overlooking the country for miles around. From here we could see Enterprise, the town that we wanted to reach by night. It being then about ten o'clock, we persuaded the mules by the use of a convincing new whip that we should reach Cole's Bridge before dinner time. (This is a little wooden bridge across the roaring Pea River with a mill and a wonderful artesian well near by.) Here it was that we camped for dinner. A dinner of

chicken, ham, bread, cake, and the like never tasted better. We had just eaten when the rain came. The men there were very kind about helping us, and so, between showers, we all were securely fastened in under the side curtains and were ready for our journey. About five that evening we reached the small, dirty, busy city of Enterprise. When we reached the main street, much to our embarrassment, Minnie raised her head and in a loud voice announced our arrival. We decided, instead of stopping there for the night, to go on until night overtook us and then ask lodging. We had agreed that if we expected any sleep we must find a house without a baby, but we seemed to find none, for every one that we came to had a chair propped in the door. About dark we stopped before a big roomy looking house with no warning sign of a baby, and as Willie was the most experienced one of us, we sent her in to ask lodging. They gave us a very hearty welcome, saying that they had plenty of room. They had only eight children, two of whom were babies.

The next morning we started early and camped for dinner seven miles below Geneva and just within the Florida boundary. Here we ate dinner while we took turn about aiming sticks at the piney woods rooters that surrounded us and annoyed every one except Dora. I suppose they would have worried her had she not kept her heels working like a machine gun.

About two o'clock, guided by an old negro, we undertook the last part of the journey. Then about eight o'clock that night we rolled over the last bridge into Ponce de Leon and congratulated ourselves all too soon on not having had a mishap.

We had come seeking adventure and we were not disappointed by any means. One day in particular stands out clearly in my memory as the most eventful one of all. It had been decided by the relatives whom we were visiting that we must be taken for a day's fishing to Morrison Springs. Here we were not to fish, it being against the law for a stranger to fish in that part of Florida, but just to hold their poles ready for them. On the way there we stopped to dig bait on a piece of new ground, and it was here that trouble began. Very much absorbed in their effort to get the most bait, Mamma and our Aunt unconsciously walked into a yellow jacket's nest. I cannot recall this scene without a hearty laugh, for I never before or since have seen either of them showing so much activity or expressing themselves in such loud tones. Camphor, which had been brought along for mosquito bites, was applied and we proceeded on our way amid groans from the afflicted ones. Finally, after much delay, we found ourselves in row boats ready to fish. We searched in vain for a clear place, because the river had rushed in and muddied the springs everywhere; so we decided to come back and try again later. We came in sight of the camping place in time to helplessly see first Dora and then Minnie break loose. Encouraged by the shouting that was intended to stop them they galloped off down the road.

At once the truth dawned on us that they would not stop at Ponce de Leon, but would go right on to Alabama, the way they had come. We decided to go in the automobile by another road and try to head them off before they passed Ponce de Leon, but there was not room for all of us, so Willie and I stayed at the nasty little shack of a hotel. We were invited to sit out on the back porch, where the proprietor, his wife and one guest sat in barefoot ease. They were shelling corn into a big box, while the baby, sitting close at hand, was eating his

fill. Here, 'mid shrieks from the back-yard, which was swarming with dirty children, we managed to tell our story. When we had finished Mr. Vaugh said, "Wan't that a mustang mule in the lead?" When we had told him it was, he said, "Well, you'll never git 'em afore they reach Alabama then." Meanwhile that automobile had raced over those tiny, crooked settlement roads at full speed getting to Ponce de Leon a little while before the mules. When Dora and Minnie came galloping up, much to their surprise, the barn gate stood open for their reception. Mamma and Aunt Lillie, each frantically waving a broom, blocked the roadway; so no choice remained to them except to give up and march humbly in. And the worst outcome of the whole affair was that we had to go home the next week with what little harness that remained bedecked with white rope.

You may think that our journey was not one to be envied; but it was, for tho there were many mishaps, they amounted to little except that they added to the fun. Yes, I would advise everyone seeking enjoyment to try a similar trip; but I would also advise that when you are traveling with two donkeys, you be sure to remember the two donkeys, else you'll be forgotten and left behind.

MARTHA JANE BALLARD, '16.

My Greatest Shock at A. G. T. I.

One day while in my room I lay,
My attention was attracted;
Though it was on the Sabbath day,
The sounds seemed quite distracted.

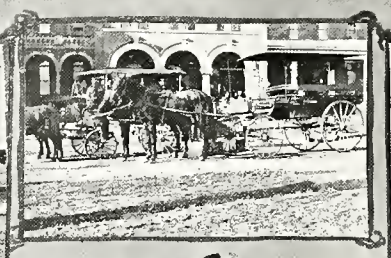
"The Little Ford Rambled Right Along"
Was wafted to my ears;
Then again I heard another song,
'Twas the best of recent years.

Again I listened—'twas "Tipperary"
Floating on the air,
And slowly rising from my couch,
I started down the stair.

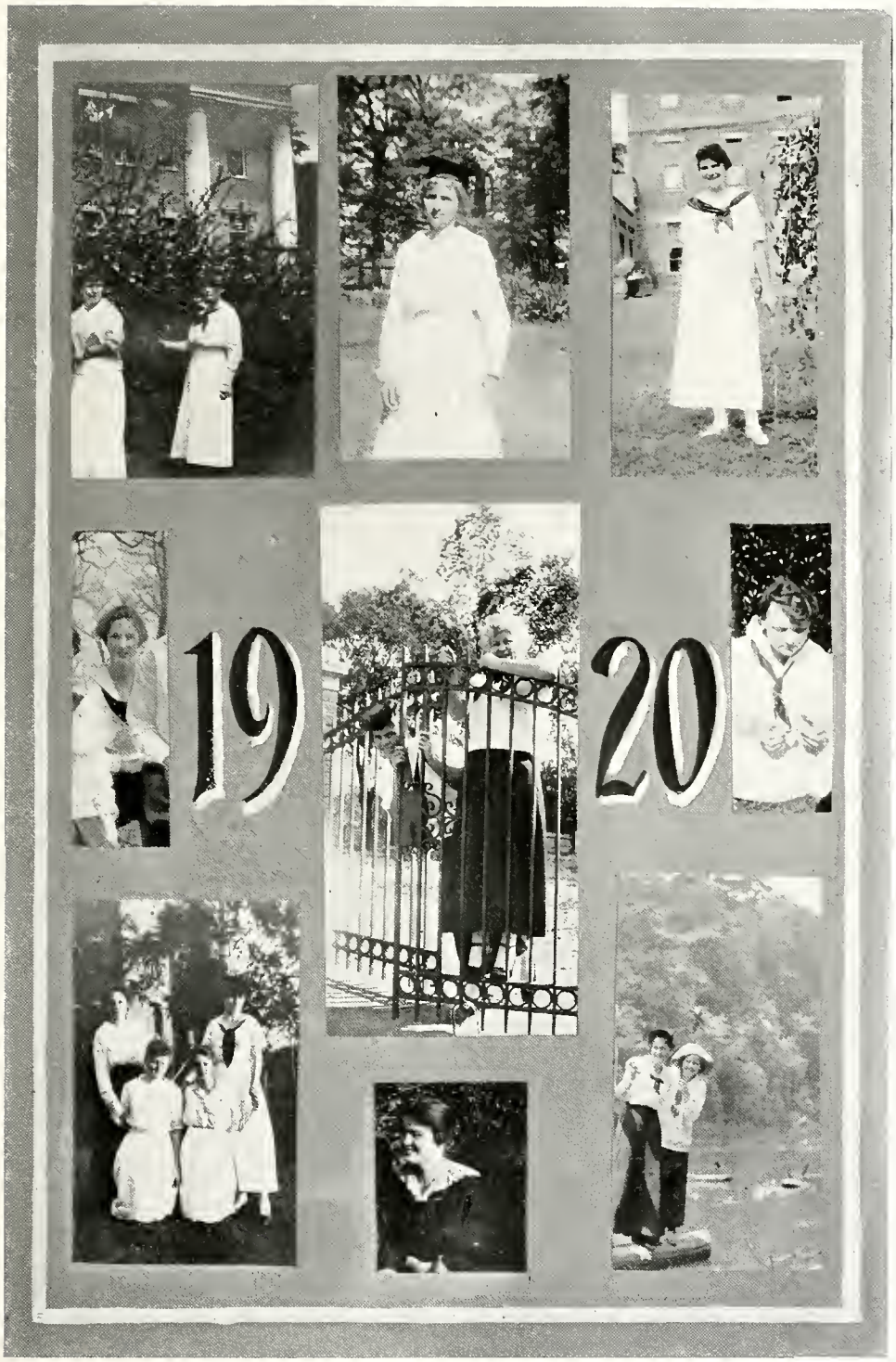
Oh my! who could be doing that,
And during meditation?
Now listen, it is in B flat,
And is the "Hesitation."

I saw I was not the only one,
The noise had roused Miss Hawkins;
And when we reached the practice room,
There sat Mr. Calkins.

M. E. H.—L. S.



Subs and Fresh as we see Them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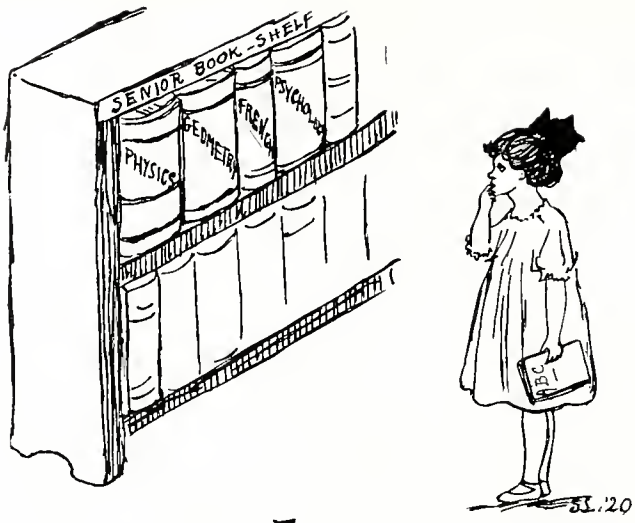


SUB-FRESHMAN

We're a big class; here we come,
Not regretting what we've done.
Although our task has just begun,
We've gasoline and are bound to run.
Our numbers large are on board the ship,
But when trouble comes, we give it the "slip."

Honor, the Sub-Fresh. have it all
Because, you see, we never bawl.
On Wednesdays, that is when we meet,
We're honest—never did we cheat;
And when our exams. are over
Then the Sub-Fresh. are in clover.

You see, we're by no means lazy,
Neither selfish, mean, not crazy.
Don't you think you'd like to view us?
Some day you'll be glad you knew us.
Better mind out how you shame us—
Some day we shall all be famous.

H. A. W., '20.

The Freshmen

They call us rats,
  But we don't care,
There are no cats,
  Nor old Maids here (?)

We're Freshmen, Yes!
  But what of that—
We're better than many
  Who cry "*You Rat!*"

S. D., '19.

* * * *

A Tangent from the Golden Rule

Do not unto others as they do to you,
For following others is little to do.
Hang not back waiting till someone goes first,
For if it's worth doing, stand up for the worst.
When you're at outs with a friend o'er a trifle,
Be honest enough your little pride to stifle
And "make it up" as best you can do—
Do not unto others as they do to you.

W. Z., '16.

* * * *

A. G. T. I. Will Be a Paradise

When Mrs. Philips meets you with a smile,
And you can whistle all the while.
When Miss Crumpton tells you, you need no outline,
And Miss Leake tells you your lesson was fine,
When Mr. Chestnut tells you, you have full notes,
And Dr. Peck prescribes ice cream for sore throats,
When you rise at half past eight,
And never have to recreate.

J. S., '18.

Thoughts of the Lantern on Second Junior Hall

I HANG here in the hall, day after day, and you might think my life would be very monotonous, but it isn't at all. At night after ten o'clock, I am lighted, for those hateful old electric lights, my rivals, go out then. Then they look at me in envy, for I reign supreme. That isn't the interesting part of my life though.

In the day time girls are continually passing up and down the hall and such things as they do talk about! They are enough to drive a person wild. If just by hearing them talk of Psychology, English, French, Rural Life, and History lessons, my poor heart (or handle) is in a whirl, those girls must have the headache all the time to have to learn all that. It seems to me that they have to write an awful lot. I wonder what sort of looking person that mysterious and wonderful *Technala* that they write for is. She must be very important to have so many things written for her. I should like to meet her. They talk of an Infirmary too. I wonder what that is. They go over there and stay.

There is that old whistle again. I suppose it is nine-thirty, for it seems as if half the girls in school are over here. They just crowd around and talk and slam doors and laugh all the time. Sometimes I smell things to eat; I suppose that means a feast.

There! those crazy old flirts of electric lights are winking at me again. I wonder what they take me for. I suppose they will go out in a few minutes. I am glad I don't have to go out at ten o'clock every night. Well, good night to you, for they have gone out and I must begin to shine.

CAROLINE POLLARD, '17.

Cussin' or Discussin'

When you get up in the mornin'
  At the risin' of the sun,
An' you hear 'em all a-callin'
  "The las' breakfas' bell has rung;"
When you must get down to breakfas'
  An' you can't find tie or shoe,
There ain't no use o' cussin',
  'Cause it shore won't help you to.

When you're gettin' up from breakfas'
  An' you feel you're not half thru,
You've a test in every lesson,
  An' besides you're feelin' blue,
When you know you haven't studied,
  An' the teachers know it too,
There ain't no use o' cussin',
  'Cause you've plenty else to do.

M. D., '18.

History of the A. G. T. I. Violets

I WONDER how many of you know the history of the A. G. T. I. violets. I should not have known if I had not heard it told by a former President's wife. Mr. Tom Torbert was years ago the steward, and he with his wife and little daughter lived in the Dormitory. His wife had a small box of violets in her window and cared for them very carefully. During an epidemic of measles in the school she died. Two or three days after her death Mr. Torbert, her husband, took the little box of violets over to the President's wife and asked her if she would like to have them. When spring came she separated them and planted them in a border in front of the President's house. By the next spring she separated them, and there were enough to go entirely around the house. The next spring she separated them again and planted some about the Dormitory. They kept multiplying and now they are a source of pleasure to every girl and teacher in the school. They all came from the little box in Mrs. Torbert's window.

OVERTON PETERSON, '16.

DAYS NOT SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN

That Certificate Course

In the certificate course at A. G. T. I.,
  There is Rural Life and Education;
With Rural Life you find the charts
  And after those come observation.

Psychology I and II and Sophomore School Hygiene
  Have each important places;
There is one way to know these certificate girls—
  You read it in their faces.

Each day comes in its fulness
  (A full schedule I mean,)
And each night brings us a nightmare
  Instead of a blissful dream.

Play-ground work, and there are other studies
  That I haven't time to tell about;
But there's something, Practice Teaching,
  That simply must not be left out.

Only a certificate girl knows fully
  When she taught her very first day,
Just what was that awful feeling
  That seemed had come to stay.

Our days are well filled pages
  Of work which Miss Brooke so freely gives.
There are so many trials in the Certificate girl's life,
  I wonder how she lives.

We can't say our lives grow monotonous,
  For each day "springs" something new.
It is either a new book to read,
  Or something interesting to do.

First grade teachers we ought to be,
  And every 1916 Certificate girl,
I hope to hear in the time to come,
  Has made a mark in this old world.

VIDA CORLEY, '16.

"Man works from sun to sun
Woman's work is never done."

IF—

If you get up in the morning
When the bell begins to ring;
If your comb and brush are missing—
And your tie, and everything—
If your room is all a-clutter—
Strewed with pencils, pens, and books—
If you've tried to keep it tidy—
Taken much pride in its looks;
If you'd hoped for sunny weather,
And you'd looked and hoped in vain;
If the clouds hang dark and heavy,
And it looks as if 'twould rain;
If you've not prepared your lessons;
If you just feel down and out—
Do you think that it will help you
If you just sit down and pout?

M. C., '18.

* * * *

To My Love

When Nature formed the mountain rock
The wonders of the Lord to prove,
To stand the rudest lightning shock
That falls from angry clouds above,
The work was only as a *part*,
A hint of what the Lord *could* do,
When He put love within my heart
And dedicated it to you.

A. J., '16.

Sub-Freshmen Athletics

At evening when the sun goes down,
Out on some court the Subs are found,
Playing tennis or usually ball,
As it is most enjoyed by all.

If it rains a little shower,
We do not care if it last an hour—
When a game is once begun,
We never leave it till it's done.

That's why our grades are so very fair,
We play out in the open air,
Then every one is always ready
To work hard and work steady.

M. P., '20.

* * * *

Memories

ONE balmy day as I sat all alone dreaming over the past, there suddenly appeared before me a vision all in white. Looking up I beheld a beautiful lady with such a sweet patient looking face that it never occurred to me to be frightened. I merely asked, "Who are you?"

"Memory is my name," she replied; "I have the power to take people to the Land of the Past. I will take you over just one year. Choose which it will be."

After careful consideration I said, "Take me to my A. G. T. I. year."

In a moment we were off on her snow white chariot. Up, up we went so swiftly that it almost took my breath. Finally we came to a strange looking country. "The Land of the Past," my companion said. We went first up one street and then another, past building after building. All around were people. Some were weeping, some laughing, according to the kind of past they had had.

I was so interested in the people that I was surprised when I found that we were in the street of 1915. I held my breath. We were stopping before the A. G. T. I. building. My companion led me up the long path and into the building. The first thing I noticed was a girl sitting all alone and weeping, such a miserable, forlorn creature. "That," said Memory, "is the First Day of School." I felt a choke in my throat as I laid a sympathetic hand on the girl's shoulder. Farther down the corridor was a tent in front of which a negro minstrel was playing. Hundreds of ice cream cones and boxes of popcorn floated about. A hideous clown was yelling, "Shelby County Fair." We walked away from this place down a long narrow hall. From some unknown cause I began to feel chilled. In a few minutes we entered a small dark room and there surrounded by books, candles, and wet clothes, sat a skeleton, draped in black. At once I recognized it as Term Exams. We lingered in this awful place just long enough to get one look. As we passed out we heard shrieks and moans and dreadful voices crying "Failure."

To take my mind from this horrible creature, Memory led me to a room from which joyous sounds came. We entered and found a beautiful maiden seated at a harp playing "Home, Sweet Home." Others danced about the room waving garlands of holly and mistletoe. For a long way there was nothing to be seen and I began to fear that my visit was to be over. We were nearing the door when I happened to look around. My eyes fell on a small statue. It was that of a pale, thin creature bending over a paper, pen in hand. I glanced at the scroll. It was headed "Term Paper." I shuddered, then screamed "Take me away, oh, Memory."

She gathered me in her arms and away we went. Just as we passed out the door I caught a glimpse of a beautiful picture. It was only a girl with a diploma clasped to her heart.

MIRA POWELL, '17.

Why Jane Was so Popular

"WHERE are you going?" I asked Mary as she passed. "Oh, I'm going around to Jane's room to pay back some theme paper I owe her." She passed on and went into Jane's room. In a little while two other girls passed. I asked them where they were going. "We are going around to Jane's room to pay back a visit," they said. I looked up and saw three other girls go in Jane's door just at that time.

I was wondering why so many of these girls were going to Jane's room when I had never seen them go there before. I did not understand it until the next day when I heard Jane say that she received a box the day before.

MABEL BRUNSON, '16.

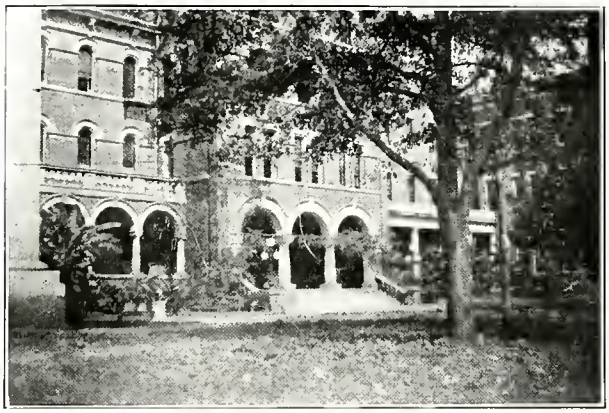
A Wonder at A. G. T. I.

NEAR the edge of our campus stands a little two-by-four cottage. We have been made to wonder as to its use this year. Last year it was occupied by one of the families connected with our school, but now it is very different. Instead of this family, only two men dwell in this cottage, and these two men are of our faculty—Mr. Henderson and Mr. Wills. We have wondered why this was so. Could they not secure boarding accommodations in town, or was it that Dr. Palmer desired to have them in his sight?

Late in the afternoon when we pass this cottage we see Mr. Wills sitting on the front steps reading the paper, while from the chimney we see the smoke coming forth and hear the sound of the axe preparing the kindling for the morning fire. We know by this that it is Mr. Henderson's afternoon for the housework, and the next afternoon will be Mr. Wills'.

We have now solved this question and our conclusion is, that these two are using this means of living this winter only to become acquainted with the life which they have realized they are doomed to live—the life of bachelors.

CORA COWART, '16.



THOMAS WAVERLY PALMER
MRS. EUGENIA H. PHILLIPS
MARY BETTY OVERTON

SMITH, GYPSY
ETHEL JONES
BRISTOW, VIRGINIA
HELEN LASENBY
DOROTHY CALDWELL
OENONE ALLEN
CLARA SAVAGE

DAVIS, THELMA
RUTH WHORTON
MARION WALKER
MABLE STABLER

SOL D. BLOCH
GEORGIA LEEPER
CLAUDIA CRUMPTON
OLIVE MAYES
WILLIE FAGAN
MRS. SUSIE HEATFIELD
REBA POWERS
CAROLYN REMBAUGH
ANNIE CLISBY

ALMA L. JACKSON, '16.

Just This and Nothing More

Some of the girls dread every class
  And think that they are a bore;
Exams. will come and they won't pass—
  Just this and nothing more.

Others are do'ng all they can in class;
  All their teachers they adore;
Exams. will come and they will pass—
  Just this and nothing more.

Their vacation will come at last
  And homeward they will go,
The days will pass so very fast—
  Just this and nothing more.

And when they're old, they'll remember
  These good days of yore,
And those exams. that came in December—
  Just this and nothing more.

VIRGINIA SMILIE, '18.

* * * *

The Seniors

Who always meets you at the door,
And make you wish to come some more,
To see the A. G. T. I. galore?
  The Seniors.

Who have to honor every rule,
Examples for the rest of school,
Always collected, calm, and cool?
  The Seniors.

Who have to lead in every ring,
To work or play, recite or sing,
Expected to know everything?
  The Seniors.

Who, if they fail to make it through,
Will almost make the air turn blue,
But start the last year's work anew?
  The Seniors.

Who'll say, when all exams. are o'er
"This dear old place I so adore,
But now farewell, forever more?"
  The Seniors.

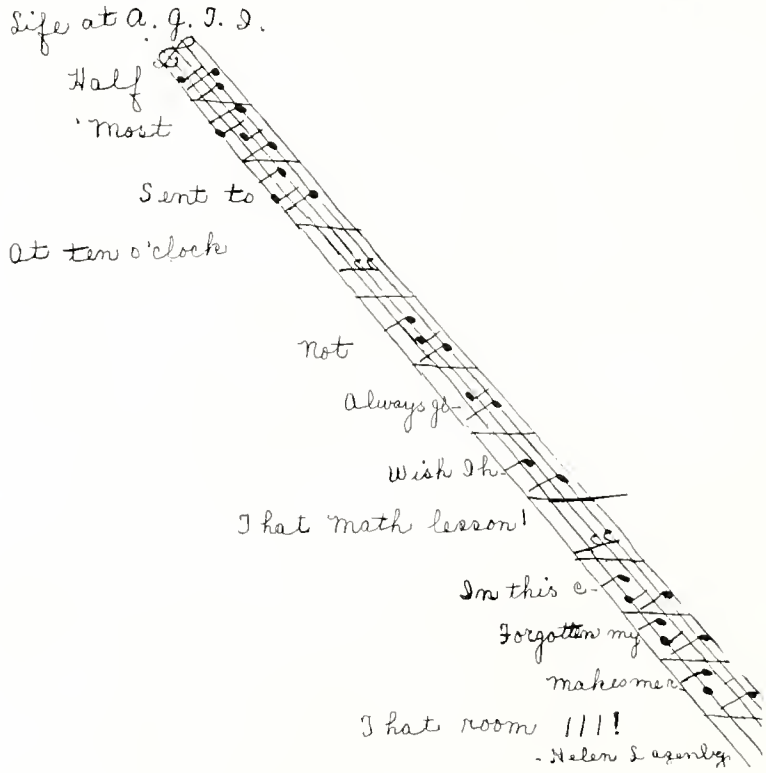
Why the Man-in-the-Moon Slips Under the Water Whenever He Can

ONCE upon a time in a nook near by a mountain lake there lived a little fairy. One bright moonlight night while she was gliding over the waters of the lake in her little sail boat, the movement of the waves and the sighing of the breezes lulled her into a light sleep.

Now it happened that just then the Man-in-the-Moon was sailing thru the sky just above the lake, gazing down at the earth. He saw the lake; he saw the lovely little creature floating on its waves. Of course he immediately fell in love with her.

Wrapping himself in a cloud so that the stars might not see where he was going, he slipped down toward the earth. All might have ended happily had not the Man-in-the-Moon in his eagerness to see his beloved more clearly, let the cloud slip from about his face.

The moment the cloud fell the brilliance of his face startled the little fairy from her sleep. She jumped and, slipping from her couch near the edge of the deck, fell into the deep waters of the lake. Some say that she was then changed into a water lily, others that she was snatched up by a mermaid as an ornament for her palace. What really did become of her no man knows, not even the Man-in-the-Moon himself. In vain he has been searching for her throughout the centuries, but he hasn't given up all hope yet. Some night after he has put his twin brother in charge of the moon chariot, you may see him for yourself as he glides thru the water in search of his lost love. LOUISE WITHERS, '16.



In Memoriam

ON THE night of January 13, 1916, the home of B. Z. and wife was saddened by the sudden death of their eldest heir Petey. Petey did not stay with B. Z. and 'None very long, but his stay was very pleasant, pleasant not only in the home, but to all who knew him. The writer will never forget the pleasant moments he spent in the home while Petey lived.

In the early days of his life physicians saw that Petey's condition was such that an operation was thought necessary; so three of the most noted surgeons of the hall, Drs. Withers, Zuber, and Allen, performed this very delicate operation. After this Petey grew as few others of his age. Blooming as he did in the first days of his infancy, he made the lives of all those who saw him brighter and happier. Many times have I seen the faces of the loved ones light up as they beheld his beauty. Although Petey was only five months old, they had planned many things for him. They would give him more room as he grew older; they would give him all the fresh air and sunshine he wished; in fact, they would live for his pleasure and comfort. On the fatal night, as they tucked him away, they thought little of danger to Petey, they only wondered how separation from him would ever be possible. But alas, during the night the life blood of Petey was sapped out.

I would say to the grieved ones, try to forget Petey. In order to forget him, I suggest that they order immediately one better suited to our environment—a Rex Begonia. E. A., '16.

A Conversation Between Two Girls

MARY (rushing into Mamie's room): Oh, Mamie! I had a message today at nine-thirty. It was awful news. I cannot decide what to do.

Mamie (very much surprised): Why, Mary! what on earth is the matter? I, er——

Mary: Mamie, I cannot do it.

Mamie: Tell me all about it and for goodness sake stop crying.

Mary (seriously): Mamie, I have a week to decide. I want your advice—I cannot write home, and I——

Mamie: Wait a minute please. No one can ever understand you when you are excited.

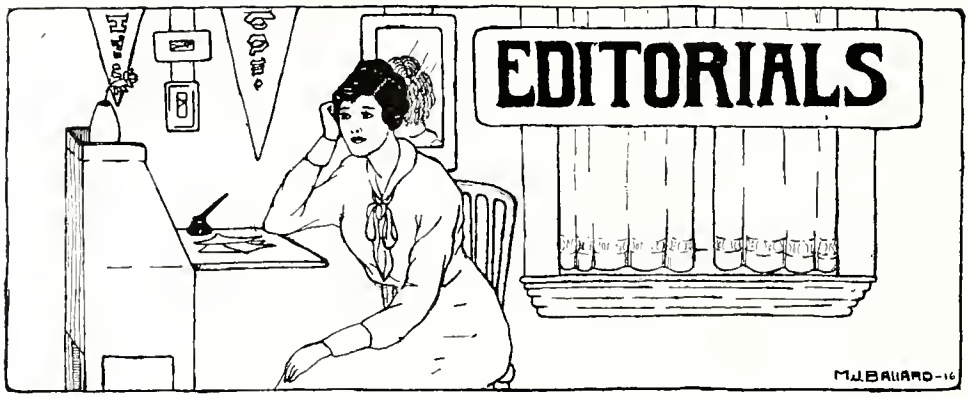
Mary: Mamie, don't wait; I must know at once. Everyone in school knows about it now. I came to you for advice. Now won't you please give it to me? I have lost two nights' sleep already. I cannot study, and being in class—well—my mind has been on this one thing.

Mamie: Please be calm a few minutes and tell me about it.

Mary: Oh! and I haven't finished my dress. Good-bye, will see you tonight.

Mamie: Stop! Wait a minute; you haven't told me what you wanted my advice for.

Mary: Oh! I wanted you to give me a subject to write about for *The Technala*. MARY POWELL, '18.



GIRLS, have you ever stopped to realize how much noise you make when you are late to chapel? If you did you would be on time. As you well know, the spring hinges on both of the side doors of the chapel make a dreadful creaking noise when anyone enters. Then everyone looks around to see the latest arrival, the speaker on the platform is interrupted, and a disquieting atmosphere prevails until the girl reaches her seat, which is almost always in the middle or back of the chapel. And *if you knew* how hard it is to get up and talk in chapel you would be more prompt, out of respect to the poor trembling girl on the stage. Remember that your time is coming and so let us try to be on time to chapel; and if for any reason it *is absolutely* impossible, enter as quietly as you *possibly* can.

* * * *

Everyone came forth nobly to the Circulation Manager's cry for subscription and we are indeed proud of our seven hundred and fifty subscribers; but, girls, don't your consciences hurt you just a trifle at the feeble attempt in supplying material? True, brave efforts are made when the request comes thru the English department, but why be asked (I hate to say forced) to give material? Why not enter the contest more willingly and gain distinction for your class? Everyone has had a fair chance; so if your class is not represented as it should be, remember that it is your problem as well as your classmates. The next issue comes out in March, so why not get busy and make plans to enter the next contest?

* * * *

Seniors, do you realize that you have passed the first milestone of your last year, and that you are well nigh onto the second? So why not dig just a little harder, put forth a little more effort so that when the second term" exams." arrive we will not only sail thru but have a running start for third. A three-term year is something like a baseball diamond. In September we are doubtful about first base, especially if we bunt the ball, meaning if we slight our studies. Then if in November we reach first safely we gain confidence and make headway for second and third. But, girls, don't become over-confident and think you can "steal home," because many a player is put out at "home plate." So do not let us slacken, but keep a tight hold until home is safely reached.

The student body regrets that Miss Overton found it necessary to give up deanship. But at the same time we realize how over-burdened she was with all her class work. We hope that with the lightening of her duties she will be able to enjoy good health.

* * * *

Through mistake Miss Virginia Gordon's poem in the last issue of *The Technala* was followed by the numerals '19. We wish to state that Miss Gordon is a Special Student.

* * * *

The Editorial Staff wishes to apologize to Miss Lillian Waldrop for attaching her initials to the poem "Mail Time," of which she was not the author.

* * * *

(The following letter was received from one of our students. It shows excellent school spirit, and loyalty to her school paper. We wish more of this spirit would be shown thruout the student body.)

Dear Editor:

As a member of this large student body, I wish to express my thoughts about our first publication. It was read from beginning to end with interest and eagerness. The contents were thoroughly entertaining. Even our English teachers approved of the wise selection of *The Technala.* The only adverse criticism that came to my ears was from lower classmen, who objected to the absence of pictures. We all know that pictures alone cannot make up any publication. The majority of the students are highly pleased. The outsiders comment very favorably. I'm sure with all this evidence of the first issue's success, you as well as the student body feel confident of *The Technala's* future success. I am looking forward to even better publications for the remainder of the year, and I feel I shall not be disappointed.

AN A. G. T. I. STUDENT.

SOCIETY

ON MONDAY afternoon, November 22, from three to five, the art teachers, Mrs. Howie, Miss MacMillan, and Miss Hopkins, entertained the faculty with a delightful tea. Beautiful art exhibits from several of the best schools were displayed, after which tea and sandwiches were served by the members of the Art Class.

* * * *

A very delightful party was given on November 20 by the Y. W. C. A. to the girls and faculty whose birthdays came in November. Many interesting things had been planned by the social committee, one of which was a musical contest, Miss Nan Coley being the winner. Also much fun was had from the game of charades. Delightful refreshments were served.

* * * *

The U. of A. Glee Club was here on November 27th. They were entertained at dinner in the college dining hall, after which they were given a dance in the Assembly Hall. Later in the evening they rendered a very enjoyable program.

* * * *

On December 2, the Alumnae presented their play in the chapel. It was Brown vs. Brown, separate maintenance case. The play was clever and delighted the audience very much. Mr. Calkins as Mr. Brown, and Miss Mamie Meroney as Mrs. Brown, were two of the principal characters, and they were very good indeed. Miss Jansen displayed histrionic talent and Miss Carey as Mr. Brown's mother made a charming old lady. The whole cast was well selected and played their parts well.

* * * *

On December 4 Mr. Judd of Auburn delivered an interesting lecture in the college chapel on "Democratic Tendencies in Modern Education." The Senior Domestic Science Class gave a dinner in his honor while he was here.

* * * *

On the afternoon of the thirteenth of December, Miss Lottie Hurst delightfully entertained the members of the Euterpe Glee Club. The studio was made attractive by holly and mistletoe and a brilliantly decorated Christmas tree. Miss Powers played, while the girls either danced or sang. Those who assisted Miss Hurst in the serving and entertaining were the officers of the club: Misses

Charlotte Warner, Maude Tipton, Edna Hoyt, Bernice Jackson, and Nan Coley; also Misses Elizabeth Wilson, Josephine Harris, and Fan Carter.

* * * *

On December 13, the Senior Class presented their annual play, "The Cricket on the Hearth." From the favorable comment of the audience, it was a decided success.

* * * *

On December 17, the "Senior Actresses" were delightfully entertained by their class. Christmas decorations prevailed throughout the club house, while at the cherry fire places hung well filled stockings for the guests. After some chatting the lights were turned low and Christmas stories were told by Miss Clisby and others. Just before we left, jolly Santa appeared and liberally distributed fruits, candies, and nuts to all.

* * * *

On Sunday evening, December 19, the Y. W. C. A. services were particularly good. Miss Clisby read the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" and a beautiful Christmas cantata followed. The solos of Misses Charlotte Warner and Maude Tipton were especially enjoyable.

* * * *

On January 8, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the December children and the new girls in the dormitory parlors. All the new girls came cleverly dressed to represent the months of the year. After a long search for our partners, we had a word contest, Misses Lois McClain and Margaret Gachet being the winners of the prize. Next we made New Year resolutions and had great fun in hearing these read aloud. After the amusements a delicious ice course was served.

* * * *

A Home Economics Conference is to be held on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of January. Invitations have been issued to large numbers of the teachers of the State, and many guests are expected. Among the distinguished visitors who will be here are: Miss Rowan of Mississippi, Miss Cooley from the Teachers College at Columbia, Prof. Judd of Auburn, Mr. Doster of Tuscaloosa, Mrs. Mary Scheuck Woolman of Boston, and others.

* * * *

The following announcement has been received with much interest by the students:

Mrs. J. N. Safford

announces the marriage of her daughter

Dorothy Noble

to

Mr. Augustus Lawrence Barker

on Wednesday, December the twenty-ninth

Nineteen hundred and fifteen

New Orleans

Personals

Miss Elizabeth Mayes, who is teaching in the public school at Tuscaloosa, was here recently on a visit to her sister, Miss Olive Mayes.

* * * *

The students regretted very much to find that Miss Louisa Keys could not return after Christmas, as was expected. Miss Keys is at her home in Illinois, recovering from a serious illness.

* * * *

A letter has been received from Miss Stallworth expressing her interest and delight in our publication. Miss Stallworth is at the University of Chicago, taking work for a degree.

* * * *

Miss Nell Murphree returned Monday, January 10, to take a post-graduate course in music.

* * * *

Miss Mary Reynolds, who is attending school this winter at the Judson, spent several days recently with her sister, Miss Margaret Reynolds.

* * * *

We are all looking forward to the Junior play, which is to be given early in February.

* * * *

Mr. Seale Harris, who is attending the Marion Institute, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer just before the holidays.

* * * *

Miss Jeanette Walker, who is at home this winter in Birmingham, made a pleasant visit to her sister early in December.

* * * *

Mr. Lawrence Rainey, of Sylacauga, recently spent the day as the guest of Miss Jenkins.

* * * *

Miss Louise Donald was the only Senior who did not return after the holidays; we wonder why she stayed at home.

* * * *

Misses Francis Hall and Celeste Rotten and Florede Vann have returned to resume their studies from last year.

* * * *

Miss Mary Powell, a graduate of class of '14, at present a student at the University of Alabama, was among the visitors to the A. G. T. I. prior to the holidays.

Club Notes

On December 11, 1915, the Philomathic Literary Society entertained at an initiating party in honor of her new members. The room was tastefully decorated with white carnations and ferns, thus carrying out the club colors, green and white. The initiation committee had charge of the evening's program. After the club members had enjoyed much fun at the expense of the new members, a delicious salad course was served.

* * * *

The Julia Strudwick Tutwiler girls spent one of the most delightful evenings together recently when they entertained their new members at an informal reception. The evening was pleasantly spent around the fireside together telling stories, and indulging in girlish chatter. Later delightful refreshments of ambrosia and cake were served.

* * * *

The Castalians spent a most delightful evening on November 25, when the club entertained their new girls and honorary members with an informal reception at the club house The program arranged by the initiating committee and executed by the new members proved immensely interesting and amusing to all. The club colors, gold and white, were carried out in the punch and ices.

SENIOR BULLETIN BOARD

IMPORTANT!

All Seniors are urged to attend the informal dance this evening given for the U. of A. Glee Club.

CHAIRMAN SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

November 27, 1915.

———o———

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, NOTICE!

Senior Class presents tonight in the chapel Dickens' "The Cricket on the Hearth."

December 13, 1915.

———o———

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Will Senior stage managers please remove stage properties from Chapel?

CHAIRMAN CHAPEL COMMITTEE.

December 14, 1915.

———o———

WANTED: To know the meaning of the mysterious looks and whispers of our classmates.

SENIOR ACTORS.

December 15, 1915.

———o———

TO THE SENIOR ACTORS, NOTICE!

To the club house we would have you come
Friday evening for a little fun;
From six to eight is the hour set,—
We're looking for you, so don't forget.

SENIOR CLASS.

December 16, 1915.

NOTICE!

Owing to the trustworthiness and studious inclinations of the Senior Class, each member will have the privilege of taking home with her for the holidays two library books.

OLIVE MAYES,
Librarian.

December 18, 1915.

———o———

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY

Give *Technalas* for Christmas presents.

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER.

December 18, 1915.

———o———

Every Senior must have her room immaculate and in perfect order before she will be allowed to leave for the holidays.

MRS. PHILLIPS,
Matron.

December 20, 1915.

———o———

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All trunks and other baggage must be ready to leave the dormitory by 12 o'clock today.

DR. T. W. PALMER,
President.

Tuesday, December 21, 1915.

———o———

LOST (During the holidays)—Several Senior hearts. No reward offered.

January 3, 1916.

———o———

WANTED—More walks on the front campus.

SENIOR CLASS REPORTER.

———o———

IMPORTANT

All material for *The Technala* must be in by 12 o'clock Monday, January 10, 1916.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

———o———

PLEASE NOTICE

Class meeting on the hall promptly at 9:30 tonight. Everyone please *be present*. Very important.

PRESIDENT.

January 12, 1916.

JOTTINGS FROM THE JUNIORS

DECEMBER 8—Our regular class meeting was held this afternoon. A beautiful piano solo was rendered by Miss Ruth Pierce. Misses Mamie Hearn, Myra Powell, and Tilly Kate Thompson were appointed to serve on the program committee. As there was no further program and no more business to come before the meeting, the class adjourned.

December 16—Misses Mamie Williamson, May Walker, and Annie Merle Farrar were appointed by the president to consult with Miss Clisby concerning the Junior play which is to be given February 7.

December 21—We were all pleasantly surprised tonight by a visit from our class advisers, Miss Kirk and Miss Poynor. We hope they will come again very soon, as their visit was enjoyed very much.

December 21—The copies of our class play, which was decided on some time ago, arrived today. The name of it is the "Elopement of Ellen." The girls who are to take part in it were decided on, and the parts assigned.

January 5—At work again. Nearly all the Juniors have come back, and Junior Hall is once more full of busy workers. All of us came back full of New Year resolutions and determinations to do better work this term. The holidays brought rest to us all; and with the beginning of a new year and the realization that we are one year older than we were this time last year, let us work in accordance with our age.

January 8—Miss Clisby read the play over with the girls this afternoon. Rehearsals will be in vogue for the remainder of the month.

* * * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

WE ARE still glad that we are Sophomores, altho it seems rather hard for us to see our friends of the Junior and Senior Classes going so frequently to town and ruling themselves on separate halls. Our time is coming, however, and we are going to take advantage of our privileges and make the Junior Class of next year an *A* class.

Most of our number came back to school on time after the holidays. Score one, for the Sophomores and their ideals of punctuality! Whoever heard of a Sophomore's being late to class unless something awful had happened?

We are pleased that many of our girls entered the Prize Story Contest. Altho we are not selfish enough to want our girls to get *all* the prizes, we do want one of our girls to get *one* prize.

We hope that Dr. Palmer will not count our honor points soon, because we find that many members of our usually law-abiding class have fallen this month to the depths of a "sign-posted" room. Oh, foolish virgins! would they had avoided the primrose path!

MAUDE TIPTON, '18.

FRESHMAN LETTER

DEAR HELEN: It was just as you said it would be, when I jolted along in that rattling 'bus—sleepy, tired, and disgusted. I was the most miserable person in the world; nor did my spirits improve when I saw the long halls of the dormitory, even tho I was glad to see the girls.

In order to hide my feelings I rushed to my lonely, empty-looking room. This was too much—I fell on my bed and cried all night in my own Freshman way.

The next morning, however, when the triangle woke me up I felt just as I did before Christmas and the holidays seemed only a dream.

We are working hard now and there's no chance for home-sickness. You know before Christmas we beat the Juniors in a game of captain-ball. Well, now we're planning to win another victory over them in a game of basketball.

When the Domestic Art and Science Conference meets here on the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of January, the way we Freshmen are going to make the other classes take notice!

As our new year's resolution we have determined to use our class spirit and material to a better advantage and to make our class the best organized one in the school.

After all, precious girl, you don't know how much you miss by not returning to A. G. T. I. I'm beginning to believe that our mothers are right and "our school days are the happiest days of our lives."

Love from your old Freshman pal, L. R., '19.

* * * *

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

IT WAS growing late, the first dinner bell having rung. Out on the campus, hidden in the shadows of the big tree, sat a very dejected little figure. Sobs quite audible broke the quietness, and the poor shoulders bobbed up and down at an alarming rate. A certain little teacher on her way from town chanced that way and hearing the sounds of the distress stopped to find the cause.

"Why, my dear child," she said softly, "what is the trouble?"

Silence. Then a very small voice wailed forth, "H-ho-o-m-e—s-i-c-k."

The little teacher smiled in the shadows. She knew what it was to be home-sick, but she knew what happened when somebody sympathized, too; so she patted the shoulders and laughed merrily.

"Well, well, it isn't so serious after all. Come, let's go up to my room, and suppose you tell me all about it."

"But that's not all," said the muffled voice. "I—I'm a Sub-Freshman, and everybody thinks we are so little."

"Why not show them you are not?" came the teacher's response very quietly and slowly.

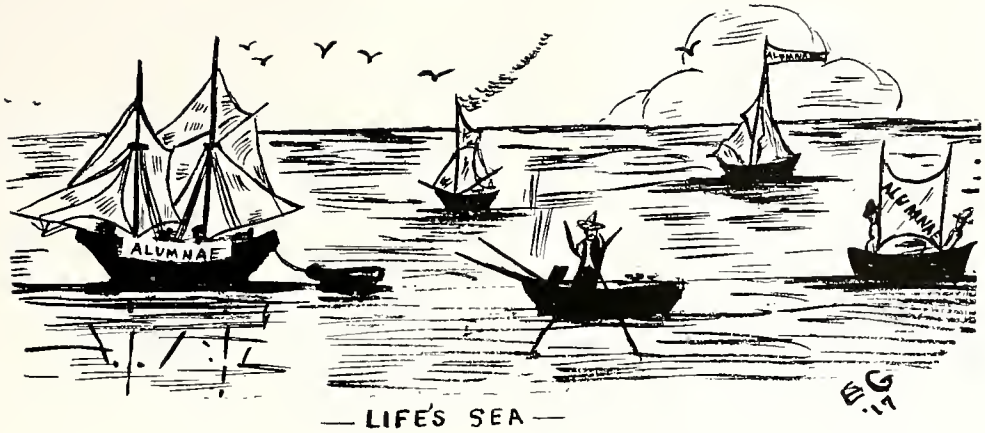
By degrees the drooping head emerged from beneath an arm, and the girl gazed up blankly into her face. "Why, I hadn't thought of that," she murmured. "How could we, though?"

"How does your class stand in athletics, loyalty, class spirit, and so forth?" questioned the voice.

"Why, in athletics we haven't had a chance yet, but we have two games on in February."

"Now let me tell you, my dear little girl," said Miss D——, "get some spirit and go to work to stir your members up. Make them enthusiastic; get some spirit and life into you and win those games. As a result school spirit will drive away home-sickness."

"We will do it," rang out the Sub's voice, no longer full of sobs. "We will win," and just then the last dinner bell rang.



WHO'S WHO AMONG THE ALUMNAE

1. Anderson, Vivian, '14, teaching at Union, Ala.
2. Anderson, Mary, '12, teaching at Boligee, Ala.
3. Allen, Ella Watson, '15, taking Senior work at Livingston.
4. Andress, Laure, '15, taking a post-graduate course A. G. T. I.
5. Adams, Edith, '14, teaching Domestic Science at Daphne, Ala.
6. Botsford, Elaine, '15, at home.
7. Buck, Elizabeth, '15, teaching Music.
8. Bryan, Ruby, '14, stenographer at Anniston, Ala.
9. Brasfield, Conway, '15, teaching.
10. Bradfield, Elizabeth, '13, teaching.
11. Beasley, Evelyn, '14, Tampa, Florida.
12. Baskin, Pearl, '14, Science Department, A. G. T. I.
13. Copeland, Johnsie, '15, married.
14. Cowart, Nell, '14, married and teaching.
15. Cater, Margaret, '14, teaching at Marbury, Ala.
16. Cocciola, Bianica, '13, working in Birmingham.
17. Caton, Bonnie, '13, teaching at Holt, Ala.
18. Carey, Phoebe, '11, Domestic Science Department, A. G. T. I.
19. Collins, Effie, '15, teaching at Warrior, Ala.
20. Daffin, Lettie, '12, stenographer in Mt. Vernon, Ala.
21. Douglas, Sallie Mae, '15, teaching in West Greene, Ala.
22. Dowling, Mabel, '14, teaching at Jasper, Ala.
23. Estes, Florence, '15, married.
24. Foster, Fannie Lou, '15, teaching at Kellerman, Ala.
25. Farris, Zelma, '15, teaching at Enterprise, Ala.
26. Fort, Annis, '15, teaching at Deatsville, Ala.
27. Gast, Grace, '12, (Mrs. Vaughn Shirley), Northport, Ala.
28. Gay, Grace, '12, teaching in Wadley, Ala.
29. Gould, Jean, '14, teaching Domestic Science in Bessemer, Ala.
30. Griffin, Fannie Lou, '15, teaching in Jacksonville, Ala.
31. Griffin, Ila Dean, '13, teaching at Sipsey, Ala.
32. Harris, Jessie, '15, at home.

33. Hayes, Eunice, '14, teaching at Helena, Ala.
34. Harvey, Lennora, '14, at Woman's College in Montgomery.
35. Hitt, Agnes, '12, Department of Education, A. G. T. I.
36. Hightower, Annie Euart, '14, studying in University of Alabama.
37. Jansen, Hazel, '14, Assistant Librarian, A. G. T. I.
38. Kinney, Gladys, '15, stenographer in Montgomery.
39. Law, Vera, at home.
40. Legg, Susie, '14, teaching in Dora, Ala.
41. McGowan, Lillie, '14, teaching at Brewton, Ala.
42. Meroney, Gertrude, '13, taking post-graduate course at A. G. T. I.
43. Meroney, Mamie, '11, Domestic Art Department, A. G. T. I.
44. Meroney, Mildred, '12, teaching at Marbury, Ala.
45. Monk, Vivian, '15, taking a post-graduate course, A. G. T. I.
46. Murphree, Nell, '15, taking a post-graduate course, A. G. T. I.
47. Neely, Corinne, '11, Domestic Science, Florence Normal.
48. Norris, Beatrice, '15, at home.
49. Parker, Inez, '15, teaching in Tallassee, Ala.
50. Payne, Boyd, '15, stenographer in Chattanooga, Tenn.
51. Peters, Ella, '11, Commercial Department, A. G. T. I.
52. Peebles, Em, '14, at home.
53. Reed, Mary Lou, '15, taking a post-graduate course, A. G. T. I.
54. Rowan, Jennie, '15, taking a post graduate course, A. G. T. I.
55. Sewell, Marchie, '15, married.
56. Seay, Bessie, '15, teaching.
57. Sellers, Willie, '14, taking a post-graduate course, A. G. T. I.
58. Shelton, Penn, '12, stenographer at Hillman Hospital, Birmingham.
59. Savage, Charlotte, '12, married.
60. Smartt, Blanche, '13, married, living in Montgomery, Ala.
61. Thompson, Esther, '13, teaching in Hanceville, Ala.
62. Thompson, Vera, '12, teaching in Lineville, Ala.
63. Thaggard, Donnahue, '15, teaching in Greenville, Ala.
64. Torbert, Audrey, '15, teaching in Emelle, Ala.
65. Wheeler, Ethel, '15, teaching in Gorham, New Hampshire.
66. Zuber, Ruth, '15, at home.

ATHLETICS

THE regular meeting of the Athletic Board was held January 10. It was decided that the ground for the new baseball diamond would be leveled and drained as soon as the work on the basketball court was completed.

A committee—Hattie Watson and Ada Camp—was appointed to decide upon trophies to be used this year. Another committee was appointed to order athletic pins. A time was assigned for each girl on the board to look after the tennis courts.

A report of $61.00 was handed in as gate fee for the Thanksgiving game.

* * * *

The Tennis Tournament, which begins April 17, will be open to all. It is time to begin preparing for it now. If you have any idea of entering it, begin practicing now.

Schedule of Games for the Year

February 21	Basketball	Juniors vs. Freshmen
February 21	Volley-ball	Sub-Freshmen vs. Sophomores
March 6	Volley-ball	Juniors vs. Freshmen
March 13	Captain-ball	Sophomores vs. Seniors
March 20	Captain-ball	Sub-Freshmen vs. Winners of March 13
March 27	Basketball	Final
April 3	Volley-ball	Final
April 10	Baseball	Sophomores vs. Sub-Freshmen
April 17	Captain-ball	Final
April 17	Tennis Tournament	Open to All
April 24	Baseball	Seniors vs. Winners of April 10
May 1	Baseball	Final

* * * *

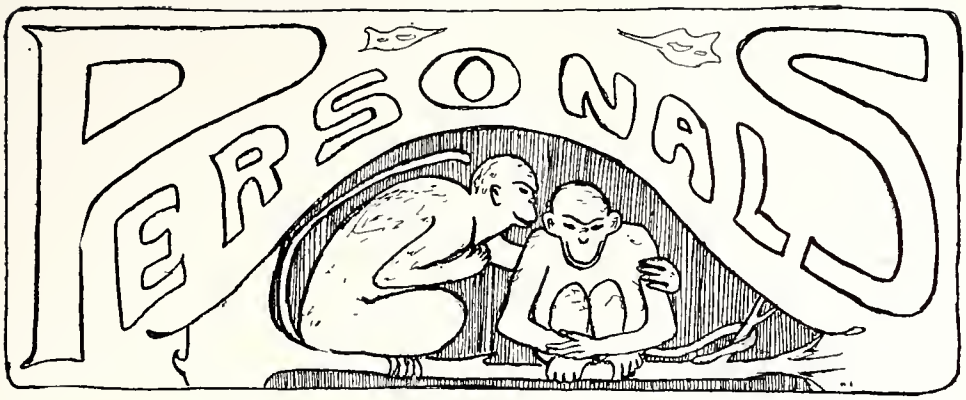
Athletic Improvements

The new basektball court has been almost completed. We hope to begin using it in the near future.

The new apparatus for the gymnasium has arrived. It will be in order for use in a few days.

We have been in need of new tennis courts. We are glad to know that the Athletic Board is having the ground graded for the purpose. The courts will be on the north side of Bloch Hall.

The girls have become very much interested in playing Hockey lately. There has been a field laid off in the southwest corner of the campus for this purpose, where the girls go out and play every afternoon.



Miss Crumpton—"Ruth, when did Milton write Paradise Lost?"
Ruth—"After he lost his mind."

* * * *

Mr. Fowler—"What natural products do we get from the forest?"
Charlotte (excitedly)—"Fish."

* * * *

Ep—"Elizabeth, you had better get to sawing on your fiddle."
Elizabeth—"I would not saw on a fiddle now that had a mule's tail for the 'gee' string."

* * * *

Miss Baskin (to Mrs. Palmer showing visitors through Bloch Hall)—"Oh, come in; we are having a Botany class."
Mrs. Palmer (very sweetly)—"Oh, are you drawing grasshoppers today?"

* * * *

Wanted—Someone to inform Annie Crane that red ink is not as good for a tooth wash as Rubifoam.

* * * *

Miss Crumpton—"You will receive your term grades thru the mail this afternoon, as I am boarding the train."
Unhappy Girl—"Please, Miss Crumpton, tell me if I failed; because if I did, I should like to board the train with you."

* * * *

Old Girl—"I wonder if we will have to recreate this afternoon?"
New Girl—"I guess I shan't, because I haven't that schedule yet."

* * * *

Mr. Henderson—"Is hydrogen peroxide a germicide?"
Bernice J.—"No, but it will kill germs."

* * * *

Visitor (to Mrs. Fowler)—"And what department are you in?"
Mrs. F.—"I am in the home making department; you see I'm married."
Visitor—"Then you have gone beyond any of these."
Mr. Palmer—"Yes, she has her M. A. degree."

Wanted—To know why so many Seniors returned after the holidays without their class rings.

* * * *

There is a rumor afloat in school that Miss Funk has a *skeleton* in her closet.

* * * *

Ethel York (looking at the nuts left over from dinner)—"My goodness! it's a shame for those nuts to go to waste."

Edna Hoyt—"Yes, that's where mine have gone—to *waist*."

* * * *

Clara Savage, as our Business Manager, talking to Miss Lee:

Clara—"Miss Lee, I'd rather send this money in a check than a post-office order."

Miss Lee—"What about New York Exchange?"

Clara (excited)—"I can't talk for—it's too expensive."

* * * *

Jeffie Pearl (while studying the skeleton in Play Ground Sup't)—"Miss Funk, if you were to hit his knee, would his foot fly up?"

* * * *

Mary Savage (on reading "Extracts from Eve's Diary.")—"Heavens! Clara, you ought to have told me Eve had two children."

* * * *

Emma Ramsey—"Ethel, do you suppose Miss Hitt will make us cook on the first day we've come back?"

Ethel—"Why, have stoves gone out of style?"

* * * *

Dan, a bright little boy of eight, went into the drug store one day. While standing there gazing around, he heard some one call for a limeade, and so he said, "Please give me a *live maid*, too."

* * * *

A Sub-Freshman, speaking of a Senior having light hair, asked, "Who is that light-headed Senior?"

* * * *

Virginia—"I wonder why Mary didn't return this year?"

Ruby—"I don't know, but I think her eyes failed her."

Virginia—"Yes, I bet it was her F's that failed her."

* * * *

Nelia one day received a very warm letter from her best friend, which, after completing his autobiography to her, he closed by saying, "Think of me often and remember I am always *hopping* to hear from you."

* * * *

Little Andrew had some bantam chickens of which he was very proud. Every day he would go to the nest and get the eggs. One day as usual he went to the nest and to his great surprise found one egg and two tiny kittens. He ran with the kittens into the house as fast as he could and said, "Mother, they all hatched but one."

* * * *

E.—"I wish I could get my skirt cleaned."

M.—Mr. Woolley will clean it for you."

Dewey, upon first entering school, met Miss Jenkins in the hall and, thinking she was one of the school girls, inquired her name. Miss Jenkins told her very politely that her name was Miss Jenkins, to which remark Dewey made this reply: "I am glad to meet you, Miss Jenkins. My name is Miss Proctor; and, say, girl, will you please come in my room and show me how to raise these detestable old shades."

* * * *

Miss D.—"Miss C., give me the principal parts of the verb *think.*"

Miss C.—"Think, thank, thunk."

* * * *

M. S. (after coming from her history class)—"Jewell, you had better get some stamps before Miss Leeper emancipates them."

* * * *

Sara—"Maude, how much does a pound of butter weigh?"

Maude—"I really hadn't thought of it, but if you'll wait a minute I'll tell you."

* * * *

Miss Brooke—What is a Corollary?"

Pupil—"A corollary is something that follows something else."

Miss Brooke—"Well, Mr. Chestnutt's brown dog follows him; is it a Corollary?"

* * * *

Ruby L.—"Oh, it is time for the Bible class. Tell me quick who wrote the book of James?"

Belle—"Why Paul, of course."

* * * *

Christine—"What is this, Laura?"

Laura—"It's a hair receiver to put hair in."

* * * *

Clyde—"Bring me Elizabeth's everyday Pedagogy."

Willie Ruth (after searching the closet)—"I can't find Elizabeth's everyday petticoat anywhere; she must have it on."

* * * *

One day as we were coming from Block Hall, Mr. Jones Williams was laying off our new road. When he looked thru his transit, all at once Ruby exclaimed, "Be still, girls, he is going to take our pictures."

* * * *

Florence Thomas—"I just got to get a school even if I have to resort to the country."

Willie Sellers—"So have I, even if I have to resort to a country school in the rural district."

* * * *

Nell (talking in her sleep)—"Oh, please don't make me go back."

Nora (shaking Nell)—"What in this world do you mean?"

Nell (rubbing her eyes)—"Oh, I have just been dreaming, and I went to Heaven without my uniform on, and Mrs. Phillips sent me back."

Lucile came into the library so distressed, for Miss Crumpton had told her to look in the Readers' Guide for information on a certain subject. On seeing Gertrude, she exclaimed, "Gertrude, will you please tell me where the Readers' Guide stays?"

Gertrude—"You don't mean to tell me that you do not know where the Reader's Guide stays after having been here nearly three years?"

Lucile—"Please tell me."

Gertrude—"Those red books over there on that shelf."

Lucile—"Oh, I thought it was a magazine."

* * * *

Miss Cary (beforehand to Alice who was serving at the Studiosis)—"Now, Alice, be sure you do not say, 'Will you have some more chocolate?' but say, 'Will you have chocolate?' "

Alice (to Miss Clisby, who had been served once)—"Will you have chocolate?"

(Miss Clisby hesitated.)

Alice (excited)—"Will you have chocolate *again*, Miss Clisby?"

* * * *

WHICH—ART OR SCIENCE?

M. (viewing N's dress that she had made in Sophomore Dressmaking Class)—"It is really superb, N. How in the world did you ever make it? Did you make it in Domestic Science Class?"

N. (sarcastically)—"Yes, I stitched it on the gas jet."

* * * *

Louise R. (making out an order to send down town)—"Edith, how much are stamps?"

* * * *

Betty H. (speaking to a crowd of girls down at the station on their way home for the holidays)—"Look out, y'all, you're blocking the *tarriff*."

* * * *

Mary (on smelling leaking gas in the laboratory)—"Oh, Miss Palmer, I am afraid we are all going to be gasfixurated."

* * * *

Mr. Henderson—"If you went to the drug store, and asked for potassium permanganate and they didn't have it, what acid would you call for?"

Elizabeth—"I would go to another drug store."

* * * *

Dining Hall Regulations of A. G. T. I.

(*As the girls would like them*)

1. Dining hall doors will be open all day.
2. Students may enter any time they wish.
3. Tableware may be removed from the dining room in case of a feast.
4. Any food desired may be carried from the dining room.
5. Meals will be served to anyone not desiring to go to the dining hall.
6. Anyone may enter kitchen or store rooms at any time she desires.

M. S., '18.

Big If's

If Callie (is a) Poole, will Barbara Wade?
If the train is coming, will Minnie Cross?
If Nell (is a) Fryer, will Phoebie Cooper?
If a tree should fall across a Brooke, would Marion Walker?
If U. of A. boys come, will Ada Camp upon Mamie Hill?
If Ruth is Wright, is Eunice Wise?
If Mary Lou (is a) Reed, is Annie (a) Crane?
If you are giving away *Technalas*, give Effie Mae (a) Ful-ton.
If Bertha leaves, will Willard Dye?
If Mary (is a) Queen, is Florence (a) Hill? E. W.—T. D.

* * * *

"Ye Shall Know Them by Their Sayings"

Miss Kirk—"Aw—why don't you girls use your mind?"
Miss Funk—"Be quiet; I can't talk above your noise."
Miss Herrington—"Will each girl please walk on the palms of her feet?"
Miss Walker—"Take these notes, girls."
Mr. Henderson—"So much for that."
Miss Leake—"Sit correctly on the piano stool."
Miss Cary—"As I call the roll, each girl show me her cap, apron and holder."
Miss Lee—"Please indorse the check."
Mrs. Howie—"This picture seems very unhappy."
Mrs. Heathfield—"How are you feeling this time?"
Miss Gachet—"Is that perfectly clear to everyone?"

* * * *

T is for the *Technala*, which we all proudly read.
E is for our editors, who keep us in the lead.
C is for cuts and contents, which add unto our book.
H is for hard work, for that's what it took.
N is for Alumnae and Class Notes, too.
A is for advertisements—that tells you what to do.
L is for laughter which the jokes have lent.
A is for the students to A. G. T. I. sent.

* * * *

Gettin' Down to Breakfast

The last bell finds you in the bed,
You rightly think this is "nuff said";
But, no indeed, you're built for speed,
To get to breakfast is the deed.

You snatch your clothes with your right hand
And jerk them onto "beat the band,"
Your shoes you only half-way lace,
Your hair you put up without grace.

A leap and you are in the hall,
You bounce down stairs like a rubber ball,
You get into the dining-room;
O, my! you just did miss your doom. N. C., '17.

We wish to thank the schools and colleges for their exchanges, for they have been a great help to us.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Wexillum—Walkmana School, Boston, Mass.

The Hour Glass—Columbia School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Mirror—Central at Birmingham, Ala.

Birmingham College Reporter—Birmingham College, Birmingham, Ala.

Poly Prep—Poly Prep School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.

Qualis—Misses Annabelle's School, New Brunswick, N. J.

Berkelydian—Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Lasso—College of Industrial Art, Denton, Texas.

Crimson and White—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Orange and Blue—Auburn, Alabama's P. I.

Purple and White—Spring Hill College, Spring Hill, Tenn.

Winthrop Weekly—Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, Rock Hill, S. C.

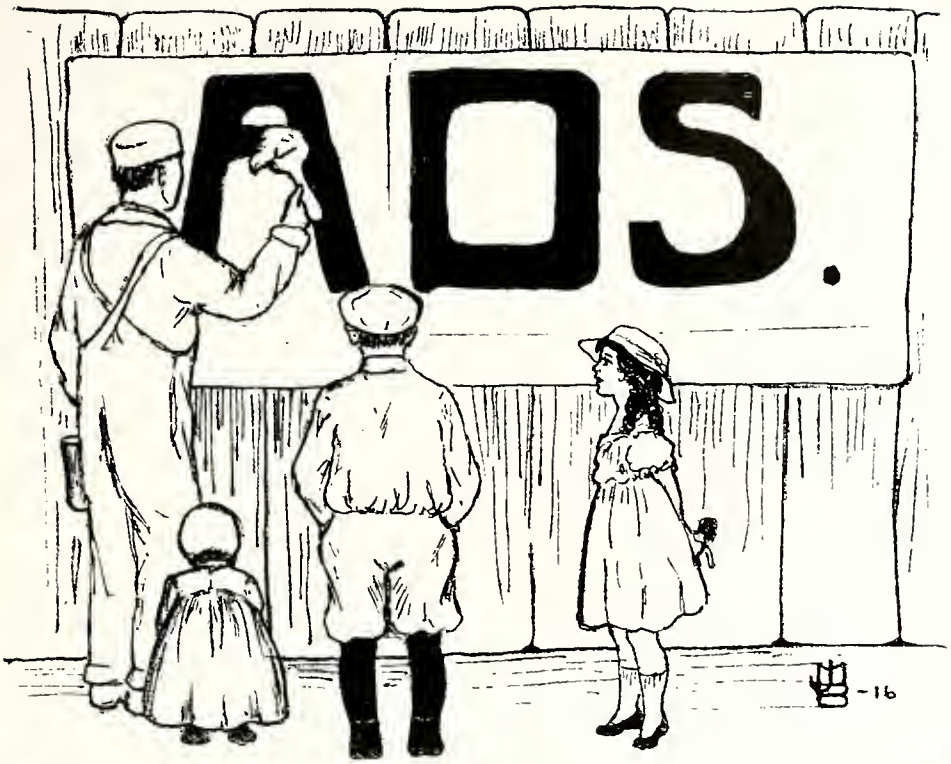
We like the fiction in *The Mirror* very much indeed, and the jokes are exceedingly good except for being a little "ancient."

The poetry and fiction in the *Berkelydian* are good. We like the cover on the autumn number, especially the school seal.

The cuts in the *Hour Glass* are artistic, and this magazine has several good stories.

The picture of the "Holy Family" in the *Poly Prep* shows artistic taste and adds a great deal to the magazine.

The material in the *Qualis* is good, but there is not enough of it. The jokes in this magazine are original and witty.



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She Wasn't That Kind of Girl

A young college student, full of new wisdom, was discussing a topic with a maid recently arrived in his home.

"I held your attitude once," said the student after a short pause.

"My attitude! "exclaimed the maid, and, drawing herself up to her full height, indignantly added, "You did not!"—*Ex.*

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Freshman—"What do they mean in chapel when they say, "Suffer unto conscious pilate?"—*Ex.*

———o———

Question—"Where is the 'Frieze' of a building?"

Answer—"The top of a building, and it is called 'Frieze' because it gets so cold."—*Ex.*

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Exchanges

Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."

Johnnie—"Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it for me."—*Ex.*

———o———

Miss M.—"Name two writers of the nineteenth century."

Pupil—"Thackens and Dickery."
—*Ex.*

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Toilet Articles and
Drug Sundries

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PHONE 41

Latin is a language—
At least it used to be—
First it killed the Romans,
Now it's killing me.—*Ex.*

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ICE
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MONTEVALLO, -:- ALABAMA

Teacher—"This will be an oral lesson."
Pupil—"Shall we write it?"—*Ex.*

SUBSCRIBE TO THE
Technala

"What are the three words a 'Sub' uses most often?"
"I don't know."
"Correct, sit down."—*Ex.*

L. A.—"What is a dry retort?"
C. D.—"A witty answer, I suppose."—*Ex.*

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He—"Have you ever been to Niagara Falls?"
She—"Yes, but I want to go again; the first time I went I was on my honeymoon."—*Ex.*

Blink—"Where was the declaration of independence signed?"
Thinks (recently a grass widow)—"Reno, of course."—*Ex.*

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and a
Fresh Stock of Best Candies

Father—"What did you and John talk about last night, dear?"

Daughter—"Oh, we talked about our Kith and Kin."

Small Brother—"Yeth, pa, I heard 'em. He seth Kin I hav' a Kith, and she seth, yeth you Kin."—*Ex.*

———o———

"You went and fed that cake I made to the dog, you mean thing."

"I didn't know you were so stuck on the dog."—*Ex.*

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